

Preface

always been so. The mind, as Horace said, *ducit opes animumque ferro*, draws resource and courage from the stroke. I remember how Sir Walter Scott in his Diary declared that when the heavy blow of bankruptcy fell upon him in the full tide of his prosperity, he was astonished to find how little it hurt him, and that enduring it and meeting it was infinitely less unmanning than expecting and dreading it. And in the case of some of our Belgian guests—who in losing everything have won a fame which as Job says “cannot be gotten for gold”—I have seen and heard with astonishment and admiration how tranquilly and gently they bear their troubles, and with what touching sweetness they set themselves to live the life and join

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THE UPTON LETTERS
FROM A COLLEGE
WINDOW

BESIDE STILL WATERS
THE ALTAR FIRE
THE SCHOOLMASTER
AT LARGE

THE SILENT ISLE
JOHN RUSKIN

LEAVES OF THE TREE
CHILD OF THE DAWN
PAUL THE MINSTREL
THY ROD AND THY
STAFF

ALONG THE ROAD
JOYOUS GARD
WATERSPRINGS
WHERE NO FEAR WAS

THE ORCHARD PAVILION

BY

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*μᾶλα παρὰ προθύροισι τεθάλοτα
δώματος οὐ μέγαλῳ
φίλων δ' ἔσω γλύκεα λέσχη . .*

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THE ORCHARD PAVILION

PREFACE

SOME eminent philosopher, speaking or writing lately about the war, said that it had already produced an almost refreshing sense of seriousness. It is certainly serious enough, but I cannot yet admit the sense of refreshment. Indeed with all due respect I would submit—and I believe that I here speak for many persons beside myself—that I have never lived through any period in the whole course of my life so sadly or anxiously, through days that dragged so slowly, with so heavy a preoccupation for ever in the background, and with thoughts so tethered to one melancholy

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track of thought. The outlook indeed of an elderly non-combatant, who is useless from the military point of view, and indeed has only practised arts and accomplishments of peace, who thinks that war makes havoc of men's happiness without even settling their differences, who mournfully sees an ever-increasing number of friends and pupils going off gallantly to face the worst risks, and who realises too that the old easy civilisation of Europe is being weighed in the balances—such an outlook, I think, can hardly be an enlivening one!

Yet I do not deny that there have been gleams of light and consolation—the sense that England has acted honourably and disinterestedly, the heroic and ardent conduct of our forces,

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the sight of a great nation so firmly united in a noble cause, the entire absence of any tendency even on the part of those who have suffered most to criticise or grumble or bemoan their fate—this has all been deeply inspiring, and has given a new fervour and significance to life.

But it may be said that at present we have had to bear less than our share of sacrifice and humiliation, that our ways of life are little demoralised, that the pain of loss and bereavement and devastation has been felt far more heavily by other nations. It is true. Yet I am not sure that the pressure of anxiety and anticipation is not the most wearing pain of all. In my own private sorrows and tragedies hitherto this has